

FANCY'S FLIGHT



A. T. J.

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FANCY'S FLIGHT,

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By A. T. J.

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Fancy's Flight.

I LOVE to float on Fancy's stream,
 Rocked in the bark of song,
And note each fair and magic scene,
 As I swiftly glide along.

Gaily to-day I sailed away,
 Over the waters bright,
For I was bound for a beautiful land,
 In the kingdom of the Night.

The sun was low with crimson glow,
 But I followed his wake of fire,
And where wave and sky together lie,
 I swept into regions higher.

Borne on the clouds that 'round me crowd,
 Bright billows of the air,
The winds rushed free through a foaming sea,
 Whose depths were everywhere.

Above, around, without a bound,
Clouds beyond clouds unrolled,
Fleecy and white, with golden light
Flashing through every fold.

Like downy isles, midst mountains piled,
Their crests of silvery hue,
And masses laid with purple shade
Floated in deep'ning blue.

But a wondrous range of ceaseless change
Through form and color spread,
Each radiant ray dissolved away,
And the scene like a phantom fled.

II.

No longer in Earth's cloud-zone veiled,
Into eternal night I sailed,
The boundless solitudes of night,
Illumined by the stars' soft light,

Where never came the dawn of day,—
Those measured intervals that lay
Between the courses of the suns ;
Through their broad wastes I steered my way,
Led by one bright star's glimmering ray,
The world I sought to land upon.
But oft to Earth my eye was turned,
Where, with waning glory, burned
A planet, beautiful and clear.
I saw it slowly disappear,
And then I felt I was alone,
Alone in void immensity.
The distant worlds around me shone,
With brilliant, cold intensity,
And all the constellations blent
In the encircling firmament.
I seemed within a hollow sphere ;
Below, around, and overhead
The curving sky was deep and clear,
But not like that o'er Earth outspread.
Great stars had dwindled into small,

And some were lost, and some were new ;
And as I marveled at the change,
Increasing wonders round me grew,
For night was passing fast away,
And softly gleamed a dawning day.
I was approaching the bright goal
Where Fancy's rapid current led ;
On Earth it shone a twinkling star
With scintillations blue and red,
But now a sun of dazzling light,
It glowed upon my aching sight.
I closed my eyes, so great the pain,
Nor dared to look on it again.
And yet I kept my destined course,
Drawn by a strange, resistless force,
Drawn as the wandering aerolite,
That onward rushing in its flight,
Within attracting influence hurled,
Is landed on another world.
And as I thus approached the ground,
My ear awoke to mingled sound,

I heard the rush of passing wings,
The voice of bird that soaring sings,
The murmuring of distant seas,
And near the rustling of the trees ;
Then, softly as the dew drops rest,
I lay upon the new world's breast.

III.

Half startled with the quick surprise,
I looked around ; my wondering eyes
No longer shunned excess of light.
It was not day, it was not night,
But faintly radiant and clear,
A pure, refulgent atmosphere,
With depths of glory overhead,
A sunless sky with light o'erspread,
An orbless, an ethereal glare,
Toned in the lower fields of air,
But mounting, gathering on high,
To ebb and flow o'er all the sky,
And show as shadowy rents divide
Where darkness and the stars abide.

IV.

Never can human science draw
Just inference of Nature's law,
Save predicated on a Cause ;
And when the Cause none can explain,
When finite reason seeks in vain
For things beyond the reach of sense,
Then in the consciousness intense
Of God's illimitable power,
And of creation's endless dower,
The mind accepts its humble state,
And awed to silence, watching, waits.
Thus with wondering, calm amaze,
On Nature's vast expanse I gaze ;
Before me a wide landscape lay,
In distance vanishing away,
A land without horizon's verge,
Where form is lost, and colors merge ;
So far, the eye cannot define
The curveless sky, nor ocean line ;
Yet nearer in broad crescent sweep

Majestic mountains hem the deep.
And I had rested on the chain,
Just where a great gap opened wide,
And let a rushing river glide
Adown into the main ;
There from a lofty, rock-bound ledge,
Near to a precipice's edge,
I saw a scene in beauty spread
No language can portray.
For everywhere on land and sea
All surface had transparency ;
The rocks and sand with gem-like glow,
The waves with iridescent flow,
Trees, flowers, and grass translucent beam,
While shadows soften all the scene.
Outward the light, inward the shade,
Like forms of Earth all things were made,
Up on the mountains, firs and pine,
Down in the valleys, palms and vine,
Mosses and ferns carpet the ground,
The beauty of Nature is all around.

The works of Art I also see,
For far away a fair city,
With walls and domes of pearly sheen,
Rising out of groves of green,
Terraced on the mountains' side,
Sloping down to ocean's tide,
Where stately vessels rise and fall,
Fast anchored by a long sea-wall.
And thither I did wend my way,
And through the city I did stray,
While Beings thronged around to see
Who the strange visitant might be.
With gentle mien and calm amaze
Upon my Inner Self they gaze,
The Inner Self, that is combined
With all the attributes of Mind,
That living Presence men call Soul,
The spirit free of all control,
That ever follows the behest
Of will and motive, as exprest
In thought and action by the power
Of Mind's inseparable dower.

V.

They little care for outward part,
Who know the impulse of the heart,
And think not of the homely face,
If there is spiritual grace ;
Nor pride of wealth, nor shame of need,
If upright in both thought and deed,
And mark the socially refined,
In the pure rulings of the mind.
On Earth these truths I long had known,
And here I felt the gift my own,
To read the voiceless thought exprest
In true emotions of the breast ;
And converse with strange Beings find
Through the communion of Mind.

VI.

“Thou art a visitant from far,
And comest from an unknown star?”
Thus questioned by the Beings near,
I answered without doubt or fear :

I am a visitant from Earth,
That is my home, my place of birth.

"A world," they said, "we cannot see,
Therefore a planet it must be,
For only souls can reach a sun,
Who higher meed of grace have won."

Are you from planets? then, I said,
A gentle Being bowed her head,
And answered, looking at the throng,
"We once to planets did belong,
But having overcome all sin,
Except the promptings ruled within,
We came a better life to lead,
Free from all evil word or deed."

And is this heaven? "No, not here,
But far beyond this little sphere,
In the immensity of space,
We hope to find that blessed place.
Now, we are purified in part,
But we must be redeemed in heart

Before we reach a state of bliss ;
Our knowledge is confined to this."

Then tell me of your wondrous land,
For little can I understand ;
Whence comes the light, so soft and clear ?
You have no orb to light your sphere ;
And those great spots so deep and dark,
With distant scintillating sparks,
Like a far firmament ; and lo !
A passing comet's transient glow,
With all around a cloud-zone bright,
The mingling of day and night.
I paused, but wonders multiply,
For flaming streamers mount on high,
Sweeping across each darkened space,
While varied colors interlace,
And hazy cloudlets intervene,
To softly veil the changing scene.

And were those sun-spots ? I inquire ;
Our sun men think a ball of fire,

For from its disk the bright flames flow,
While many dark spots come and go,
And can it be no heat is there,
But cool and balmy is the air?
Our sun, with rays so hot and clear,
Has it a temperate atmosphere?
On Earth, the heights are crowned with snow,
The valleys they are warm below,
The aeronauts who mount the sky,
Find cold increase in soaring high;
The hail, it forms in upper air,
Can heat then be in the sun's glare?
Or do magnetic currents flow,
From distant orbs with starry glow,
And only when the poles unite,
Give to the worlds both heat and light?

Is this hypothesis? I said;
The Being smiled and shook her head,
And answered, "Little do I know;
Now let us through the city go,

Where there is much I can explain,
How wealth exists devoid of gain ;
How labor has its just award,
And poor and rich are in accord ;
How capital must have its due,
And industry its task pursue,
All working in a common cause,
Exponents of our social laws,
Each as a part of the great whole,
In true equality of soul."

"Now mark," she said, "that passer-by,
Who walks with an averted eye.
Look in his heart and see the sting
That avarice and pride can bring,
For he forgot temptation's lure,
And hoarded wealth, and scorned the poor,
And seemed to lose all sense of shame
Until the soul-awakening came ;
Then he perceived the better part,
And knew the weakness of his heart,

And learned the lesson that no stealth,
Nor avarice of hoarded wealth,
Can count it gain to hide away
The dues that labor should defray ;
For honest labor has a claim,
In reciprocity's just name,
Fair compensation to receive,
And fear of coming want relieve."

Are wealth and want in accord here ?
Thy meaning, Being, make more clear.

"Enter," she said, "in this great Hall,
Behold ! one spirit reigns in all.
Here are assembled many minds,
Whom no controlling influence binds,
Each free to follow its own bent,
And carry out its own intent,
While spiritually all unite,
For each is striving to do right.

This is a Council of the Whole,
The city's welfare to control,
Where rich and poor in conference meet,
With equal right to highest seat,
And counted worthy of respect,
In measure of the intellect ;
For Intellect has its degree,
And rules through perspicacity ;
In reasoning the truth to find,
The heart is subject to the mind ;
The heart may prompt, the mind decides,
And by the Will the judgment guides.
The Spirit is the bond divine,
And to the good all souls incline,
But knowledge of the right and wrong
To mental faculties belong.
Thus in Intelligence there lies
Perception of the true and wise,
And those in Wisdom who excel
In highest estimation dwell."

Ah ! this, I said, is plain to see,
But will it answer socially ?

She led me forth and paused before
A stately mansion's open door ;
Within I saw a varied throng,
Such as to rich and poor belong,
But whether gay, or whether plain,
Of all the bearing was the same ;
Without humility or pride,
In kind companionship allied.
In cheerful groups they gathered round,
Some listening to harmonious sound ;
Others on graver thoughts intent,
Over strange objects wondering bent,
While scientists explained the laws
Of Nature, or supposed the cause.
In harmless merriment and play,
The mirthful put dull care away ;
And kindly sympathy for all
Shed a mild influence through the hall.

“Come join the throng,” my guide then said ;
Amazed, I followed where she led,
For softly shone a dome of light,
With palm-like columns at whose height,
The graceful fronds in tracery spread,
Bordered the great dome overhead,
And pictured walls the pure might see,
And sculptures robed with modesty,
Gave Art the sacred charm to win
Just admiration void of sin.
Watching the crowd, I wondering saw
Equality the social law ;
In doubt I thought, What is the tie
That equalizes low and high ?
Is it the bond of one in all ?
Then high, or low, we none can call,
If the one spirit dwells in all.
The spirit purifies the soul,
But the heart must itself control ;
An instinct of the heart is here.

I see it, Being ; all is clear !
The social influence to bind
Is the heart's instinct, the Refined.

In purity they all unite,
Whose guidance is the Inner Light ;
That is the ray to mortals given,
Before the bonds of Earth are riven,
To show the soul the right and wrong,
To aid the weak and lead the strong,
A higher gift than mind or sense,
God-given, true Intelligence.

Oh, tell me, Being, dost thou know
The source from whence all virtues flow ?

“ We Beings think that we inherit
All virtue by the gift of spirit ;
It is the immortal part of soul ;
Not vital life that has its goal,
But the eternal, deathless chain,

Link after link, which lives again ;
And as our virtues still increase,
Will end at last in rest and peace."

We think the same on earth, said I ;
Our hearts re-echo, Purify !
And while we deem the flesh a clod,
We say, " The pure in heart see God ! "
That is the harmony divine,
Whose chords the Universe entwine,
The Spirit's thrilling, voiceless call,
The All-pervading, One in All !

The Being, with a gracious mien,
Now led me to another scene,
Where the great sea-wall stretched away,
With graceful curve around the bay,
Wide dotted o'er with merchant craft,
With speeding ship and loitering raft ;
But no war-vessel rode the wave,
Nor fortress wall the billows lave,
No foreign foe was there to fear,

No violence was in that sphere ;
For federation bound each state
To the one rule, to arbitrate.

Inland, there rose a mountain chain,
With verdant valleys rich with grain,
Where tillers of the soil in peace
Beheld their fruitful land's increase,
And never fearing blight would fall,
Knew that their good was good for all.
The wooded mountain sloping down,
With groves invades the terraced town ;
While all along the coast I see
The proofs of busy industry.
From the great sea-wall, strong and wide,
The ready pilots watch the tide,
And when the coming sails appear,
They into harbor safely steer ;
While to discharge the vessel's freight
A crowd of willing laborers wait ;

And great bazaars in long array
To traffic open line the way.

Where are the artisans? I said,
They too must earn their daily bread,
The clang of metal I can hear,
Is there a forge or factory near?

I followed with my guide the sound,
And in amazement looked around,
For no great buildings did I see,
But shops of moderate degree,
With forge and furnace very small,
And anvils ring, and hammers fall,
And strange tools fashioned by the few
Of busy workers, who pursue
In different domiciles their trade,
Where by hand-labor all was made.

Without machinery? said I.
How of demand? and how supply?
In iron hands grave dangers lurk,

Excess of product cheapens work ;
The labor question is to man
A great enigma, for no plan
Has been devised to check the ill
That comes from man's inventive skill.
Here, now I clearly understand,
Labor is equal to demand ;
By balance in the interchange,
Labor and Capital arrange
That all commodities shall be
Made and consumed in joint degree,
And never labor problem stir
The heart of the artificer.

The textile workers next to find,
A long ascent we slowly climbed,
Where mountain stream came leaping down,
Pure and translucent, through the town ;
With many a pool and clear cascade,
Among the rocks it winding strayed ;

On either side a narrow park,
With tints of foliage light and dark,
And graceful trees grouped for effect,
With bending branch or stem erect,
And vines that arbored many a seat,
Where friend with friend in converse meet,
While rattling echoes far and near,
From busy looms in homes they hear.

The products of those looms we find
In fabrics differently designed,
For some were scintillant with light,
Glowing among the colors bright,
While others as the moonbeams pale,
Seemed woven in a clouded veil;
And all were costly to excess,
As if to tempt to pride in dress.

But how, I ask, can pride agree
With your professed humility?

“We are not humble,” said my guide,
“And vanity we all deride ;
The beautiful is all souls’ dower,
An instinct of Creative power,
And as fair Nature thrills the heart,
So does the beautiful in Art.
The gay attire by wealth conferred,
Like the bright plumage of a bird,
Excites no pride in spirit pure ;
No admiration can allure,
Nor selfish consciousness debase
A soul with spiritual grace.”

But why, I asked, why should there be
In wealth this great disparity ?
The soul as constituted here
Is like the soul upon our sphere,
And merit or demerit rule
The grade of virtue in Life’s school.

“Yes,” said the Being, “we aspire,
Perfection is our great desire ;

But in probation we abide,
Until our virtues are well tried ;
To prove sincerity of heart,
Each living soul must act its part.
The people reason of the cause
That regulates our social laws ;
In the community they see
All are as one, unitedly ;
The body politic must fail
Unless the good and wise prevail ;
And on the individual's sense
Depends combined intelligence.
Like to the portions of one frame,
The hands that toil, the working brain,
Are both important in degree,
But fail through incapacity ;
For without intellect to guide
The hands are useless to provide,
And mutual service, on the whole,
Marks the community of soul.

VII.

A sweet bird resting from its flight,
On a near bough now met our sight,
With song melodious and clear,
Like a pure spirit, without fear ;
Trusting and loving it came to me,
My heart was thrilled with ecstasy ;
For the instinct that can confide
Is to the Inner Light allied ;
And only those who will not harm,
Have a presence doubt to disarm.

Being, I said, has this bird a soul ?
Tell me, can it evil control,
Does a good spirit in it dwell,
Is it pure in heart, kind Being, tell ?

“ In the order of the Laws,
Of the great Creative Cause,
Good and evil may be found,
In life's still recurring round,

And the measure of the whole,
Is the index of the soul.
All of good is in degree
Universal Harmony !
The one nature without change,
Throughout Beings' endless range,
Kindly instinct, sympathy,
Bond of soul's affinity.
Here, no sportsman can intrude,
For all Beings are imbued
With the good of the past life,
Free from sorrow, fear, and strife.
Cruel natures come not here,
Gentle beasts and birds appear
Trusting that we will not harm,
Come to us without alarm."

Do all living forms appear,
As spectres from another sphere ?

"Nature hides its great intents
In its unseen elements ;

Only known by the effects,
The unseen the seen directs,
Holds revolving worlds in place,
Guides them in unerring race,
In magnetic currents sweep
Over land, and through the deep,
Holding matter in control
As the spirit does the soul.
All are spectres from the past,
Souls' renewal to the last,
Pure, we come in gleams of light,
Taking form, we meet the sight,
Then the elements combine,
And the lineaments define.
Beings long existing here,
All must vanish, disappear,
Where we go we cannot tell,
Ask no more, now, Fare-thee-well."

Again on the Earth, the beautiful Earth,
Oh ! welcome me kindly, fair place of
 my birth ;
The valleys, the mountains, the wood-
 lands I see,
And sunshine and shadow are lovely to me ;
How clear are the waters, how sweet
 are the flowers,
How bright is the rainbow, how
 genial the showers.
I may visit the stars, their strange
 wonders to see,
But Earth, my own Earth, I return unto thee.

The Great Enigma.

I AM a Mystery ! I have vainly sought
To comprehend my Being, and its aim,
Until the palpable has seemed as naught,
And life a vague reality became.

I analyzed the human and I found
That Man was but the phantom of a day,
The elements of Matter I unbound,
And all invisible they passed away.

Under the law that Cause must have a Cause,
The varied atoms which composed the whole,
Even disrupted followed Nature's laws,
And naught was lost, in body or in soul.

For disunited, the component part,
The all-embracing Self, I still could find,

For well I knew its Presence in my heart,
For well I knew its Presence in my mind.

I felt the power, I could not comprehend,
That held of evil and of good control,
And to one end did all its strivings tend,
The ruling of my life and of my soul.

Revealed in flesh, behold the evidence
Of soul embodied in a mortal guise,
Percepts, and Mental Concepts, Impulse, Sense,
Betray the hidden source that underlies.

The working of this law I clearly see,
In mental concept of the vast Unknown,
The finite merging in infinity,
The Self existent in the Self alone.

The elements of Matter when unbound,
Attest the principle which once did bind,
Attraction is the universal law ;
The union of body, soul, and mind.

“Nothing is lost,” the Skeptic may deride,
“Dust unto dust,” its elements are free,
Conditions change but principles abide,
And that which is, is destined still to be.

“Nothing is lost”—the good shall know the good,
The evil prove the evil in its state,
Like finds the like, that law is understood,
That law immutable which men call Fate.

Fate is a sequence, subject to control,
For Self as ruler of the Self is free,
And strength of Will can bless or mar the Soul,
While Mind is author of its destiny.

The world of Matter, and the world of Mind,
Have strange similitude in Nature’s plan,
Creative Will the elements combined,
Gave form to substance, and gave life to man.

And life diffusive in degree assigned
To all that moves, betrays the Spirit gain,

Unreasoning instinct, intellect refined,
Attest the secret source from whence they came.

Life and intelligence, the double tie
That quickens Being in its brief estate,
From simple Consciousness to Reason high,
The very little and the very great.

First manifestation action, then in Will,
Through all gradations in organic range,
The bonds of Matter, Nature's laws fulfill,
Conditions mark the still-recurring change.

And yet one principle in all abides,
Existence is the universal dower,
Intelligence the status that decides,
And Good alone the spiritual power.

Mark the similitude, Creative Will
Gave elemental order to the whole,
Defined the nature of the good and ill,
Gave bonds to Matter, freedom to the Soul.

Finite and Infinite, one law in all,
As is the ruling, so the end will be,
Eternal sequence, Beings' rise or fall,
The Self controlling Self and destiny.

The will to leave undone, the will to do,
The will to faithfully perform Life's part,
The will the ways of virtue to pursue,
To rule the Mind and purify the Heart.

As strength of body, so is strength of soul,
The good survives in good, the evil fails,
That which is harmful Nature's laws control,
Over the harmless, laws Divine prevail.

From whence this knowledge comes may not
be clear,
For of Life's mystery Death holds the key,
The Seen to human gaze may disappear,
While the Unseen is destined still to be.

The Fairy Ring.

Many summers ago, when vegetation was suffering from want of rain, and the grass in our meadow had assumed a general drab hue, I found two circles, or rather rings, of vivid green grass surrounded by withered herbage. They were bands of about fifteen inches wide, more or less, the center of the ring having the same drab hue as the rest of the meadow. These rings, it is supposed, are caused by a fungus casting its seeds in a whirl, and fertilizing the ground ; but popular superstition in Europe attributes rings of this character to the dancing of fairies on the grass.

I HAVE found a fairy-ring !

I have found a fairy-ring !

In the meadow near the spring

I have found a fairy-ring !

All around the grass is sere,

Not one green and glossy spear,

Save where fairies' tripping feet,

Have fanned away the sultry heat ;

There the verdant circle lies,

Fresh beneath mid-summer skies,

Telling that the tiny men

Come to haunt our woods and glen.

Welcome ! every little rover,
Who has crossed the wide sea over,
Strangers from a foreign land,
When you sought our distant strand
Did you here expect to find
Beings of congenial mind?
Had the friends at home grown cold,
Taught by unbelievers bold
To deride your honest name,
And your very Beings claim?
Little know the skeptic Wise,
That the faith they so despise
Is the only link to bind
Fairy-folk and human-kind ;
Nature's immaterial laws,
Not reducible to cause,
Escape Reason's rigid rules,
And make wisest men of fools.
Welcome ! every little Fairy,
Tripping here, so light and airy ;

Feet of no uncanny guest
Have this magic circle prest,
And a welcome warm and true,
Little Friends, I offer you.

Ideas Found in the Zend-Avesta.

MAY the kingdom of the Good Spirit prosper,
May the kingdom of the Good Spirit increase,
Pure thoughts, words, and works are the tokens
From the bondage of sin to release.
We strengthen thy kingdom, Ahura,
That only the good may endure ;
We work in this world for thee, Mazda,
When succor we give to the poor.
Our light is the gift of thy spirit,
All goodness it cometh from thee,
As pure now as in the Beginning,
The best good is the best purity.
Vohu-mano inspires all virtue,
And gifts for our works we receive,
For Mazda himself is our ruler,
And happy are we who believe.
From out the Unknown, Oh, Ahura !

Came the heavenly Twins to create,
They were equally pure in Beginning,
But one fell from his virtuous state ;
For while Mazda all blessings created,
Angro-mainyus evil designed,
Opposing the giver of spirit,
He ruled through the fallible mind.
His Drujas are the artful deceivers,
Who lead the weak-minded astray,
But Cpenta-armaiti, the holy,
Directs in the virtuous way ;
As Wisdom she prospers our striving,
And she gives Earth its fruitful increase,
Believer and Unbeliever she blesses,
And by means of best works we have peace.

NOTE.

Ahura—The Supreme Spirit.

Ahura-Mazda—Creator of all things good and pure.

Angro-mainyus—Twin Creator with Mazda, but originating evil he became the Devil ; the Drujas are his imps, and incite evil.

Vohu-mano—Good intentions, the good mind ; also one of the seven Archangels.

Cpenta-armaiti—The only female archangel, inspires wisdom and promotes agriculture.

Buddhistic Ideas.

To understand the following brief exposition of Buddhistic Ideas, imagine the exercised spirit of a young Buddhist, who in his earnest striving after truth, rejects the barren faith in a dead god to receive the full assurance of a loving and presiding Deity. The Buddhist is supposed to metaphorically address the Night.

NIGHT, weeps departed Day,
Her tear-drops glisten in the
 moon's pale ray,
Softly they fall, a dewy shower
On orange grove and banyan bower,
On lotus and magnolia rest,
And gem the tall palm's waving crest.

My fate is like thy own, Oh ! lovely Night,
I dwell in darkness, while I long for light,
My soul aspiring strives to pierce the gloom,
But droops despairing in a living tomb,
Heart-sick I linger, wearying of time,
When shall I cease to be, Buddha divine ?

Ages will pass away, new worlds have birth,
Yet shall this sinful soul cleave unto Earth,
One life a tyrant, another a slave,
Scorned as the coward, and loved as the brave,
Demon, and angel, and human am I,
Bird, beast, and insect, I live and I die.

Oh ! yellow-robed god, whose name I adore,
Lend, lend me thy aid, thou hast suffered before,
For man thou couldst Nirvana's blessings resign,
And consent to live on through vast Kalpas of time ;
Then why should I falter ? Oh ! grant me thy
 strength,
And my Being with thine, it shall mingle at length.

In vain my petition ! What am I to thee
But a drop from the cloud, that is lost in the sea ?
Through boundless Sakwalas thy bana was heard,
And all sentient beings rejoiced in thy word ;
The infinite ages were present in thee,
And thy mercy it bloomed as the Talapat tree.

An embryo hope its fruition had found,
And the seeds of thy great love, were scattered
around,
Renewed in the future, enduring in time,
Humanity's birthright, the knowledge divine,
That the pathways immortal were open to all,
To fiends who repent, and to angels who fall.

The soul it may know all the torments of Hell,
In the bodies of beasts and of reptiles may dwell,
For punishment just, and in penalty sure,
The pangs of remorse may for ages endure,
But atonement accomplished, again it is free
To control by the spirit its own destiny.

The soul's innate dower, the God-given Light,
It is lost in the evil, but found in the right,
The mind may be dark from the shadows of sin,
But a spark from the Deity smoulders within
That no crime can extinguish, no error can stain,
Unpolluted and pure it will ever remain.

Ah, Buddha, thou blest one, thy bana was said,
And hope it awoke as the soul from the dead,
The past was no more, but the future was real,
An embodied fulfillment of a doubtful ideal,
And knowledge gave strength and the power to
 save
From sin and from sorrow, from life, and the
 grave.

Thy task it was ended, thy mission was o'er,
And Earth with its sorrows should know thee no
 more ;
Like the snowflake in water, like mist on the air,
Like the day-star's soft beam in the sun's burn-
 ing glare,
Thy spirit dissolved in the infinite Whole,
The final, the Light, and the Life of the soul.

Thou art gone, but thy precepts divine yet
 remain,
To encourage the bold, and the strong to sustain,

Repressing the heart, and abstaining from ill,
With acquiring virtue life's duties fulfill ;
The faithful these paths to Nirvana may find,
But lost is the tract to the weak and the blind.

Ah ! gloom is around me, I know not my way,
Thy word cannot guide me, I falter and stray,
My nature impassioned is yearning for more
Than the well-beaten pathways that others explore ;

I wander in doubt, and I wander alone,
Pursuing a mirage in a desert unknown.

The mind may have peace that submits to be led,
That undoubting the footprints of others will tread,
That trusting and humble no obstacles find,
But unconsciously follows where blind lead the
blind,

In the ways of the bigot I never have trod,
And I ask for no guidance but Thine, Oh ! my God.

Ah, Buddha, thou art only mortal to me,
Thou art lost in the God, not the Godhead in thee,
A faint ray alone, from the fountain of Light,
A gleam of the dawn on the darkness of night,
The exponent of Truth, and a part of the plan
That One Higher conceived to regenerate man.

The Brahm of the Hindoo, the Adi-Buddha divine,
The Great Uncreated ! that God he is mine,
Gautama, the teacher, unheard I implore,
But the Spirit Omniscient, I yet may adore,
Eternal, unchanging, by laws unconfined,
The One Self-existent and Infinite Mind.

Creator, Controler, Inscrutable Power,
Thy nature expansive is man's sacred dower,
Beyond the conception of Reason to see,
Comprehended alone in thy own Deity,
As the human refines in the pure and the good,
Thy presence is felt and thy will understood.

Then why should I falter ? the Light is within,
To direct in the truth all the children of sin,
If the heart is but faithful and fixed upon Thee,
Then terror and danger and darkness will flee.
The promptings to evil cast shadows around,
But striving and watching, the Light shall be
found.

A glorious hope in my soul has its birth,
No longer despairing I weary of Earth,
No longer in doubt, on myself I depend,
One ever is with me to guard and defend ;
One ever is ready and waiting to aid,
If I fail, I alone by myself am betrayed.

Then nerve for the conflict, my wavering soul,
And mortal temptation and weakness control.
Know thy own higher nature and scorn to do ill,
And true to thyself, all life's duties fulfill,
Not as the ascetic in selfishness bound,
But dispensing the blessing of sympathy round.

The mercy vouchsafed thee extend to another,
And seek in the spirit the life to discover,
Be slow unto anger, cease not to forgive,
Conquer evil by good, in humility live,
Attend to the claims the suffering require,
Nor beyond the fixed laws of thy Being aspire.

The eye may be blinded that looks on the sun,
And intellect fail ere its object is won,
Revelation to man is adapted to mind,
Then presume not to know what to God is
 confined,
But let spirit and action with virtue accord,
And humbly confiding await the reward.

NOTE.

Nirvana—Ultimate purity and beatitude.

Kalpa—A cycle of time.

Sakwalas—Systems of worlds.

Bana—Buddha's Preaching.

Talaput Tree—" Blossoms only once, but in dying sheds the seeds of a future generation around it."

The Harmony of Faith.

The Harmony of Faith is the Theistic idea of the Supreme Spirit, without personification, and is confined to the realization of Divine power and goodness, without regard to mythic investure.

THOU ! whom all men acknowledge,
But none can comprehend,
Eternal source of Being,
All-Father and All-Friend.

From the unknown Beginnings,
One Faith survives in Thee !
Thou art the Universal God !
First-Cause and Deity !

In Thy divine perfection
Thy children all accord,
And name thee Theos ! Adi-Buddh !
Brahm ! Y H V H ! or the Lord.

Ahura ! Allah ! and I AM !
All-Father and Tao,
The Unknown-God of Athens,
And the Good Manito.

Thus through the distant Ages,
And in Earth's farthest bound,
The harmony of Faith has marked
Religion's neutral ground.

Where false gods cannot enter,
Avatars are unknown,
And man is never deified,
For Thou art God alone.

There are no priests, no symbols,
No consecrated shrine,
No sects, no creeds, no heresies,
But the pure in heart are Thine.

And in unity of Being
Thy Light in all the same,

With different tongues the nations
Call on the Father's name.

Eternal as Thy nature,
"T H A T," which proceeds from Thee,
Inherent in the human soul,
In all men must agree ;

It is Thy universal law,
Obeyed and understood,
The heart's true revelation,
The imperishable Good.

The philosophic Mongol,
The reverent Hindoo,
The humble, trusting Yezid,
The Suffi, and the Jew.

The Pagan and the Christian,
Barbarian and Greek,
Co-hiers to immortality,
One unseen Father seek.

But in his vain imaginings,
Man often goes astray,
Unmindful of the Inner Light
That shows the better way ;

He follows strange devices,
And dedicates his life
To the discord of the evil,
To falsehood and to strife.

From error comes dissension,
Hate, persecution, crime,
Priestcraft, and superstition,
And idolatry malign.

The shrine of Moloch blazes,
The offering's blood is shed,
The Inquisition's fires
With heretics are fed.

Dark Kali claims her victims,
Gehenna's hot waves swell,

And sacrifice is offered
In mythic flames of Hell.

Thus, as rebellious children,
The brotherhood of man,
With savage, cruel enmity,
Their false religions plan ;

Turn from the great All-loving !
Each other to betray,
And think from His all-seeing eye
To hide their sins away.

As an unreasoning infant,
The savage rude and wild,
Can scarcely give expression
To the instinct of a child.

His immature perception,
Unconscious of the harm,
Invests with sacred attributes
His fetish and his charm.

And in a scarce, ascending scale,
Nor differing in degree,
At Lahassa, Geneva, and Rome,
Exists idolatry.

The worship of the image,
The relic and the shrine,
The human made the prototype
To Symbol the Divine,

Anathemas ascribed to God,
Without redress or hope,
The sanctity of priestly caste,
The Lama and the Pope.

But vain is human striving,
From God man cannot part,
He has His living witness
Forever in the heart.

A life within the other life,
So sensitive and pure,

It marks the scale of good and ill,
Whatever may endure.

And when the final hour comes,
And Being takes its flight,
In the shadow of the evil,
Or Glory of the light

Then not as Jew or Gentile,
The spirit leaves Earth's clod,
For the blood of all the Nations
Is equal before God!

T H I N E .

J OY for the loving heart,
Peace for the purified,
Hope for the contrite heart,
Strength for the mourner,
Shadows of doubt depart
From every faithful heart,
T H I N E is the kingdom.

I. CORINTHIANS, i., 27, 28.

God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise ;
and God hath chosen the the weak things of the world to confound the
things which are mighty ;

And the base things of the world, and things which are despised hath
God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that
are.

DIG deeper, dig deeper,
The centuries measure,
Dig deeper, dig deeper,
For the God-given treasure ;
Those dead bones have power
A curse to remove,
And each flint is a touchstone
The falsehood to prove.

In the great book of Nature,
God's writing is shown,
On broad leaves of strata,
On tables of stone ;

Those records of Ages
Lie open to man,
And reveal in their pages
Creation's vast plan.

No longer restricted
To six thousand years,
Through myriad cycles
The old earth careers,
With grand transformations,
And systems of change,
And slowly developed
Life's organic range.

From the ancient Azoic,
To the Era of Mind,
What wondrous gradations
In Being we find ;
The Mammoth Giganteous,
And small Rhizopod,
Are as naught in Time's index
Of Nature and God !

Long lost are the Ages,
 Since primitive man,
Left the marks of the child
 On the Father's great plan ;
But each roughly-hewed flint,
 From the deep gravel bed,
Is a monogram true
 To be pondered and read.

The hand of the savage,
 Unconsciously wrought
A cypher more ancient
 Than sage ever taught ;
A memorial relic,
 To free from the stain
Of Adam's transgression,
 And the curse of Canaan.

Then labor, Bold Seekers,
 The truths you disclose
Are found in the graves,
 Where lost races repose ;

For Shemite, nor Aryan,
Nor Tauranian, none
Can trace a descent
From earth's primitive son.

Then dig in the gravel
And search in the drift,
From the dust of old mammals
The arrow-heads sift ;
From layers of the river
And mud of the lake,
Each shred and each potsherd
With reverence take.

By the light of true science
Old errors explain,
Let the child-man look back
To his childhood again ;
To the dawning of intellect,
Feeble and slow,
And the past, though seen "darkly,"
In part he shall know.

Then clearer than science
And perfect than mind,
By the soul's Inner Light
He shall seek and shall find ;
And know though tongues cease
And though prophecies fail,
That the God-given truth
Shall forever prevail.

Metaphor.

“This is a good which has knowledge ; here is a good which has knowledge ; in me is a good which has knowledge ; ruler of the eye, protect my eye ! The eye with the mind is called hither. May the eye with the mind call (also) me !”

“This is a good, a good which is lasting ; here is a good, a good which is lasting ; in me is a good, a good which is lasting ; ruler of the sense of hearing, protect my sense of hearing ! The sense of hearing with the soul is called hither ! may the sense of hearing with the soul call also me !”—*Aitariya Brahmanam.* (*Haug.*) *Vol. II., p. 131.*

PARAPHRASE.

FATHER of the Inward Light !
Grant me spiritual sight,
That the good my mind shall see,
As it comes, my God, from Thee !
And knowing Truth,
Then call Thou me !

Father of the unspoken word,
Felt within, but never heard,
At thy bidding understood,
Working out the lasting good,
From all selfish purpose free,
Thy Will be done !
Then call Thou me.

As a metaphor, the Mental Eye investigates, and is expressive of Mind seeking Spiritual Insight. As a metaphor, the Ear is expressive of Spiritual Revelation, and the hearing of the unspoken word.

To a Professor of Astronomy

To whom I gave a load-stone and a compass, and who said, "It will interest the children."

I WISH I was a Scientist,
And a philosopher too,
For well I know the specialty
That I would then pursue.
I would reason of the Magnet
And prove it in degree,
Comparable to nothingness,
And without solidity.

I would take a little load-stone,
With a compass to define,
The wonderful diversity
Of each magnetic line.
I would ask, What is attraction?
That force we cannot see,
And answer to my thinking,
Magnetic Energy.

Impelling and repelling,
Diffusive in all space,
Another law than gravity
To hold the Worlds in place ;
Spheres acting on each other,
In mutual interchange,
Of positive and negative,
Throughout siderial range ;
In infinite expansion,
As far as we can know,
A power and not a substance
In never ceasing flow ;
Gathering elemental dust
That into orbits hurled
Become the mighty Magnets,
The co-operative Worlds.

Attraction and repulsion
Bind matter to unbind,
The load-stone may disintegrate,
And its dust new forms may find,

Attraction holds the atoms,
Repulsion sets them free,
The currents make the Magnet,
Not the solidity.

Invisible, intangible,
And one of Nature's laws,
Mysterious in its influence,
Explain the hidden cause?
Go ask the little children
Whose interest it excites,
And when all is made clear to thee
Another letter write.

Esau and Jacob.

ON whom should rest the blame?

Famished and fainting from the field there
came

A brother to a brother ; the worn one found the
other

Boiling a pottage, and he cried, Oh, give !

My strength is almost spent, and I would live.

Did holy mercy, charity divine,

Unto his brother Jacob's heart incline ?

No ! with a cold and calculating art

He ruled the better impulse of his heart,

And answered Esau, whilst his hand he stayed,

“Sell me thy birthright, and I thee will aid.”

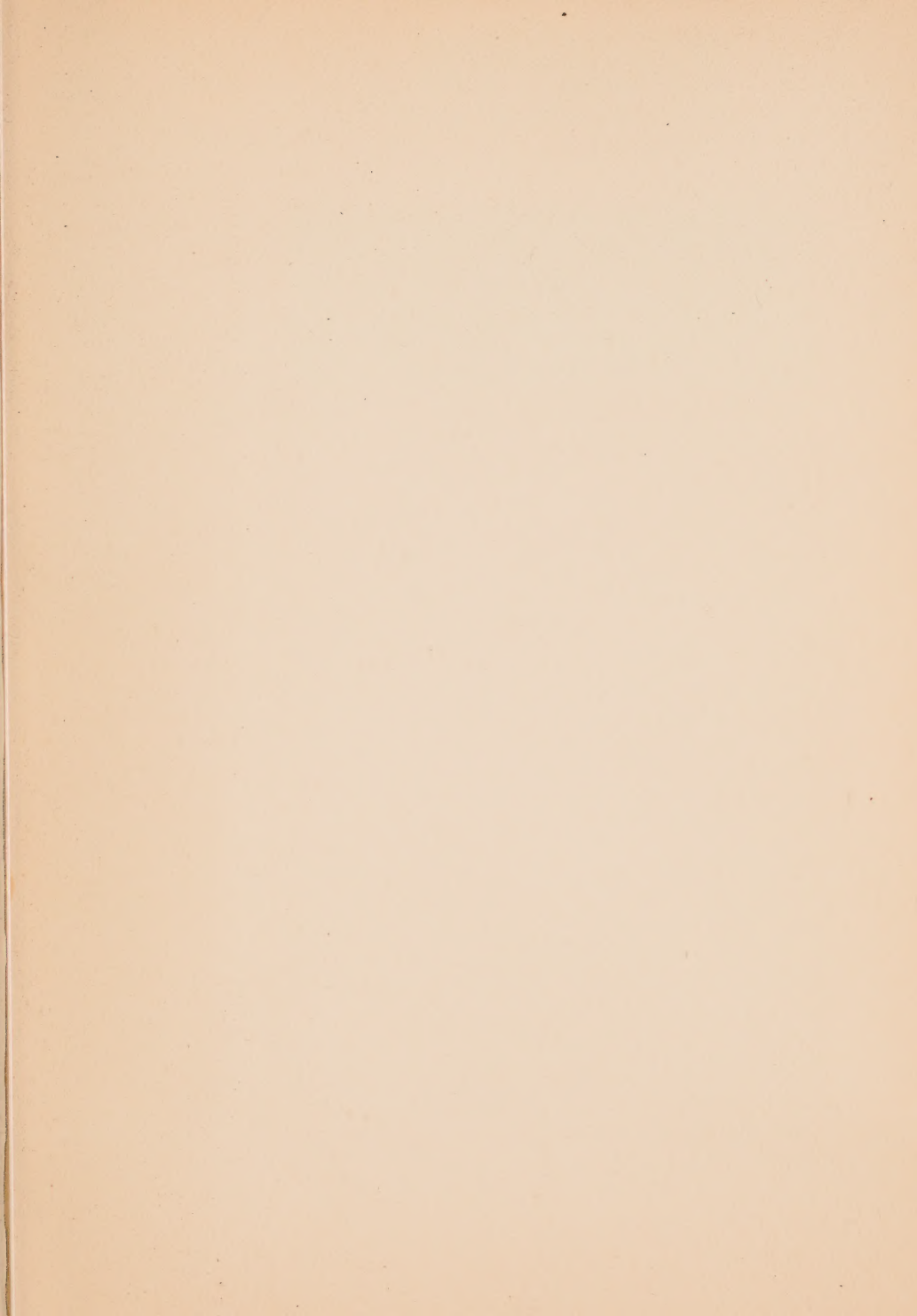
Then Esau said, “What profit shall it be

If I must die, this birthright unto me ?”

This, Jacob bid him swear ; he sware that day,

And he did eat and drink, and went his way.

—*Genesis, xxv., 30 to 34.*



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Fancy's flight.

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